



I WENT OUT RIDING.

I went out riding late one evening
Lone, alone and dark;
And a faceless woman rode behind
Calling to me on the air.
But the words she called were cluttered and lost
In the brief wind of our passing.
And the question that fell from her glued-on lips
Was gone in the dust of the road.

-Kathryn Vickers-Sinclair

SONATA.

Joy hast thou, joy now
Joy in a dance, foot tapping
Hands high, joy hast thou.

Daily sing then, daily amen
Daily at eating, tongue rolling
Teeth tight, daily sing then.

Sleep comes by, with sleep lie
Sleeping at noon, chest falling
Eyes shut, sleep comes by.

-Peter Montgomery

SICKNESS.

It should have been said,
It could have been said,
He took her to bed
He took her to bed
He took her to bed and
When he woke up she was dead.

She was dead
She was dead
The sparrow was dirty
The blanket was red,
Spotted red,-
The blood of the dead.

The blanket was cut,
The blanket he cut
Where the red spots had been
The death he had seen
When he woke up in bed
And the sparrow was fled.

The sparrow was fled,
The sparrow that bled
In the birth of the morning
When love gave its warning
And never looked back
Could never give back
The girl it had said
He had taken to bed.

So it was not said
He had taken to bed
A girl whom he bled
And then left her as dead,
Whom he dreamed in his head,
In his head, in his head.

-Peter Montgomery

THE SELF MADE MAN #1.

Thomas Clarke went to work that day,
Well aware of his built-in capabilities.
But not aware that most of them
Had not been built in by himself.

THE SELF MADE WOMAN #1.

Perhaps Nellie has the bosses big eye,
And a big paycheque to match.
But THEY won't be nearly so big
When SHE deflates.

-Kathryn Vickers-Sinclair

HEART SHARDS.

Once a chandalier, three's a crowd
 a thousand crystal shards
 are all that remain of my heart.

Through the silvering slivers
 refract the thousand selves
 of her that once was

the splendid congruent other
 of the image above.
 They matched once.

But when the shadow
 of a certain memory

(a pressed daisy
 moonlit on a vagrant breeze)

passes over me

--like a crescent-edged razor--

my stomach still wilts.

Once a chandalier, three's a crowd
 a thousand crystal shards
 are all that remain.

-Steve Gross

GOODBYE.

A man with pink barbed wire ribbons in his hair
placed a wreath
of wilted crysanthamums over the head
of what-could-be-if-only-such-and-such wasn't so.
She was splendid even in the profile of her reflection.
Accustomed to a winning hand
he put his fist through her mirage
striking something nearly substantial on the other side.
He bled profusely.

--Steve Gross

BALL GAME.

The little boys are playing ball in my street.

Whomp!

Whomp!

There is a barbarous fitness in their hands and their feet,
It is though they play with my head or my heart.

I am all roundness.

There was a time when I was flat,

In a box,

Hide pressed hide in a sweet furl of skin.

No one demanded their rights.

Then I was sold and inflated.

Passed round from hand to hand

(Round eyes; round faces)

Germanic knuckles pummell and pummell

Whomp!

Whomp!

And what if their ball expires?

Collapses into a pastry of leather,

Layer on layer?

No bother.

They will replace it.

-Isabelle Foord



THE SELF MADE MAN #2.

Martin Jones went to work that morning
Proud of his newly designed talents.
Poor man, he doesn't realize
That next year he'll be obsolete.

THE SELF MADE WOMAN #2.

Cynthia wore a big blond wig,
Big eyelashes, and big falsies.
It wasn't until she took them off,
That her new husband found
She had a big mouth.

-Kathryn Vickers-Sinclair

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS.

In helplessness I stand aside
 And watch myself sub-divide.
 One called body and one called mind
 React and appear as disciplined.
 What intellects! fancy should demand.
 Brain and nerve move to command.
 I must stand aloof and peer
 With undeluded knowing and steer
 This hulk of flesh and bone
 To its abode
 Of death.

I was never born and cannot die.
 Only bodies and minds suffer and sigh.
 In my abode where lies no abiding,
 I wait and watch this body chiding
 Itself to believe in false persistence.
 While I in silence ring
 The bell of death that has no sting.

I am at all times and am not.
 In death of life I am not caught.
 No words, no meaning know of Me.
 Scientists mark me Excellency.
 I have been called by every name;
 Been all things, made every claim.
 All these words are like mere bubbles.
 To seek definition brings only troubles.
 As close as breathing, there is no discerning;
 With all your effort you are only learning.
 This too moves toward decay;
 To reach Me...There is no Way.

-Gary Rea-Airth

TEAPOT.

there is a phallic teapot
with twisted spout
and limb handle Formosian
which pours into rubber flesh cups.
tea too hot too strong
cracks the cups.
again the pot pours
and again
into earthenware Formosian
into earth Formosian
into the earth formed
for it.

-Janet Lander

DYING QUEEN ANNE.

Will you bring me my scissors, said dying Queen Anne.
I will cut off my hair that grew so long and golden,
and stuff it in a box and leave it by my bed;
you may give it to the dolls when at last I am dead,
said dying Queen Anne.

Will you prop up my pillow, said dying Queen Anne.
In the corner of my eye there rides a sick swan
whose feathers are all falling and whose neck lies bare,
who sings through the darkness and eats up the air,
said dying Queen Anne.

Will you take away my husband, said dying Queen Anne.
He has sat in the corner for entirely too long.
He is stupid and sullen and I love him too much
to lie here as he runs down like a fat limp watch,
said dying Queen Anne.

Will you bring me my slippers, said dying Queen Anne.
I must journey on foot to the end of the room,
where the chamberpots are piled and the window looks out
on the palace and the alley and the snuff-brown light,
said dying Queen Anne.

CRUSOE.

Planted his giggle in the sand,
and from it grew a sandy laugh.
Hung his frown on a tall grey bush,
and watched it fatten into grief.

Boats trotted past across the sea,
were never waved at, disappeared.
Watched them and chuckled like a shore
into that stalagmite his board.

Found Friday's foot but did not care,
found Friday, laughed, and bound him tight.
Kept diaries inside his head
and knew precisely what to write.

But when at last the black boat came,
turned sand to stone and mouth to eye.
Buried his grief beneath a palm
and bade himself a fond goodbye.

-J. O. Thompson

HAIRYTHROAT, GRASSYLEGS, LEAFYCHEST, FOULSIDE AND BLADDERHEAD.

Hairythroat coughed in the night.

Grassylegs came to him.

"Would it amuse you to see me dance?"

She danced like a low wind.

Overhearing this, Leafychest turned twice as green.

He grabbed Hairythroat by the throat.

Foulside heard them scream.

He rolled over on his other side and snored.

Next morning Foulside arose,

dressed himself bravely,

sauntered over to court Grassylegs.

But she was blown dry as hay.

"There is new red in the red field,

there is new flesh in the fleshy field.

Please dance for me now.

You cannot dance for the dead."

"You have not ploughed the red field,
you have not harrowed the fleshy field.
I'll dance for no-one now."
Foulside went back to bed.

If you want to know who made this song,
my name is Bladderhead.
I had four friends once
who are now all dead.

Grassylegs burned in the autumn.
Foulside had rotted by spring.
Hairythroat mingles with Leafychest.
I am the last one.

-J. O. Thompson

SKETCHES FOR A LOVE POEM.

I can not give you a wild flame of ecstasy

Here: shall I talk....

...of arms, fine white,
branches bare to autumn skies

or feet
small animals
pursue a fierce life
oblivious
to the all commanding mind

or shall I say
the snow is drifting
in my mind
familiar highways
become impassible

or sing you a star
call you past and future
frost and fire
faint smiling flame

out of the darkness
bursts flame
bursts the entire world of silence
that all becoming is
the all departing

word moves silently to word
in questioning
as slowly the still air
feels about us
blind fingers
of terrible visitation
touch our limbs
and we suffuse to darkness

shall i just push back the minds time
 shove being to its most simple end
 fold up this consciousness
 crumple it into a ball
 and cram it deep down
 into some forgotten universal corner

or say you
 or say yes
 or say touch
 or everything

-Tim Lander

POEM.

beyond the time
 ice cream the world unseen
 beyond the ice
 the nice
 the nose
 the noise
 beyond the screech
 the unwed bitch of understandable
 kitch
 and snitch
 and bitch
 and maybe a pretty witch

-Tim Lander

CREDO

Gardener

your affair with the sun
 relies so much on faith
 every day
 you know its bound
 to rise anew
 your openness to the sky
 and your daily toil
 with the sleeping seeds
 promises all
 through rain
 your oneness with soil
 is commitment to spring
 limbs and stalks
 arising greenly
 shaking off darkness
 climbing
 skyward.

-Lynne Connell

I saw your face sinking
 below the horizon
into the bluey green
 at the edge of the world
love boats were hurrying
 hurrying on the waves
my arm slipped down
 and I fell
and saw the sun
 like a coin
 disappearing
above in the
 bluey green
catching, I was catching your
 chimera of life.
I saw my face reflected
 on the silver circuses of fish
far below
 you called soundlessly
your "o" vibrating
 through depths of the bluey green
I looked up for my boat
 on the edge of the world
was this goodbye
 to everything?

then I saw myself among the silver
flickering backwards

through the bluey green
upwards

towards the sun
half down

in my mouth a seaweed tendril
or your leg

I didn't know
because my eyes were shut.

flickering backwards
in the bluey green

afterwards in the boat
(was it hope?)

you were there
saved from the bluey green

smiling wanly
like a moon.

-Lynne Connell



Sinclair

JUMP.

THE DREAMER

for linda.

- I. dreamed of the supernatural love-cock
 in her marriage bed
 which was the soft window
 in her timeless skull.
- II. dreamed of the supernatural love-cock
 which was a wall of mouthless poets
 whose limp voices were veiled
 in her coloured scarfs.
- III. dreamed of the supernatural love-cock
 which was a stone razor
 whose song left a scraping of seed
 in her edgeless night.
- IV. dreamed of the supernatural love-cock
 hung round her pretty sparrow's neck
 whose gray wings were the wind
 in the hollow of her womb.

-Tom Douglas

SEA SONG.

below the wall of whispering rock
where the sea danced

wailing its granite tides
in the green shapeless morning

of amoeba and glistening sun
the small children swam

sure as dreams were spun
and poor poets played

in their singing mouths
the syllables of sea sounds.

-Tom Douglas

i thought i saw you running
for jeannie.

- I. in the tangled-green lace of the forest
i thought i saw you running
but i wasn't certain.
- II. in the tangled-green lace of the deadly forest
i thought i saw you running cautiously
in a divine rain of sun and sky
but i wasn't certain.
- III. in the tangled-green lace of the silent forest
i thought i heard your lips move
in soft queer syllables of light
across a boneless wind of time
but i wasn't certain.
- IV. in the tangled-green lace of the hidden forest
i thought i felt your ageless hand
upon my leprous arm secretly
in the liquid sunday air
of holy catholic trinity and unitary sands
but i wasn't certain.
- V. in the tangled-green lace of the forgotten forest
i thought i saw you standing motionless
earth to countless tall birches
brought full circle
from the final meadow of my mind
to the wide realm of the lake
but i wasn't certain.
- VI. in the tangled-green lace of the forest
i thought i saw you running
but i wasn't certain.

-Tom Douglas

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